

Lets get outta here

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Disclaimer: I don't own Mulder, Scully, or Mrs. Scully. They belong to CC, 1013, and the Fox Network.

Spoilers: A general knowledge of the episodes where Scully is in the hospital.

Author's Note's: I didn't know how to end this, but when I read it over, the general feeling was that this is a good resting spot.

XxX

Let's Get Outta Here

I know that it's always there, but somehow it's always more apparent in these situations; the ones where I am fatally or potentially fatally injured. These are the times, during the endless hours he spends next to my bed that I see in him his love, not for me and his quest, but for us and our quest.

He's talking right now, and I know with everything in me that I should be listening, but instead I watch him. I watch his mouth move quickly, his arms dancing around to illustrate his words. I know the story he is telling, he has told it to me once before. It was only the second month I knew him, but he had started telling stories the first day.

It's one of his few happy ones; it's the bunny story that his mother used to tell him and Samantha beforeâ€| beforeâ€|wellâ€|anyway, don't ask.

"Scully, hello?" Busted! Uh-oh, Oh-well, he won't do anything.

"Sorry Mulder"

"You didn't hear a word I just said" Maybe I was wrong. If I'm not totally off then I still know what to do, just be honest.

"Honestly Mulder, No, I didn't. And I really am sorry, but do you want to know what I was thinking?" I know I can't tell him all of it, at least not when I'm sitting in a hospital bed, but some of it I can, and have to by how hurt he looks that I wasn't listening. He nods his head. No verbal response, that's bad. "Well, I was just thinking about how much we have changed together in the past few years. I kinda spaced out and then I looked up at you and I swear Mulder if you laugh at thisâ€¦ Mulder, I know what story you were telling me without hearing the words. I could tell by the way you had that childlike look in your eyes, and the way you were moving. I don't know, I just got caught up thinking about it all."

He smiles quite a sweet smile then says, "It's okay Scully, I'm not angry, I promise." I've become quite accustom to the next part of our little dance. I like it too. It's the part where he lifts my hand gently from whatever intimate place on my body that it may lay, this time, my abdomen, entwines his fingers with mine and slips one gentle kiss on the back of my hand. Always between the knuckles too, I don't know why, but always between the knuckles.

Then, the inevitable happens |my mother walks in. Some one always does, my mom, my brother, a nurse my mom a priest, someone. I can feel, even just through the contact of our hands, his body rise to leave. He does this every time and I know that it's guilt, but I hate that he leaves every time someone else gets here.

In an agonizing slowness he will kiss my head, always a new place as though he's blessing every inch of me the best he can. Our hands stay locked even as our arms stretch to their ends length. All I have to do is keep my hold on his hand, and I always tell myself that this time I will, but I never do, and I'm always sorry.

I watch as he greets and at the same time says goodbye to my mother. She whispers something to him, not unusual, he nods, not extremely rare, but the look in his eyes, like someone gave him some indescribable gift makes me wonderâ€¦

Xx

It's about 10:00pm, way past visiting hours, but for some reason they always make exceptions when it's Mulder or me. Mulder|I wish he were here, he's only been gone for a little over an hour, and my mom is here, but I don't know.

Then there is a slight knock on the door. I turn to look and a smiling Mulder emerges. I sit up straight in my bed and smile. Just

"Well, honey that's my cue. I'm going to go home tonight. Church is in the morning and all." Something was up. Even with church she would usually stay and help for a few days, quite frankly whether I wanted her there or not. Oh well, no use

I saw the look that my mom and Mulder exchanged, and after she left, I asked, " So Mulder, what was that all about?"

"I can tell when the two most important people in my life are keeping something from me Mulder." Okay. Did I grow a wart or something? I mean he's sitting there staring at me. Maybe that was more revealing than it should have been, good.

Despite the attempts I made at trying to cover them, I knew he saw all the emotion pooling in my eyes. And of course, Nurse Hathoway decides it's time she come in to give me a shot. Mulder, as always, rises to sit, or as I presume pace, in the hall outside my door. Not this time I tell myself, and this time, when our arms reach that length that is the final breaking point, I strengthen my grip on his hand and whisper the word one word, "Stay."

"Alright Ms Scully. Please turn over now."

"No Mulder, I want you here," I hesitate for a second, then, "I need you here." With that I turn onto my side so I was facing him and my oh so lovely 'gown' fell open. My hand found Mulder's just before the sting of the cold metal in my skin took my attention away from his loving gaze.

I felt a hand on my forehead and could tell that I would be clutching the identical twin to that one in me hands, just below my breasts. I looked up to see Mulder in the same spot I saw him last. I didn't know what time it was, and that's when I realized that the nurse was still there, applying antiseptic to my freshly poked at skin and depositing the used needle in a small bin that was labeled with a bright red sticker that read 'CAUTION: BIOHAZARDIOS MATERIAL'. I look back to Mulder for some reassurance from this oddity, and I find it

there, in his eyes.

"What do you say we get you outta here now hmmm Scully?"

"You mean you?" when you said that? Let's get outta here Mulder."

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How that man persuaded the doctor to let me leave the hospital at almost 11:00 at night I will never know. But I will always be grateful. The doctor came in and looked at me with this look like she knew something I didn't. I dismissed it.

"There is one condition to your leaving here tonight Agent Scully."
She said.

"What 's that?"

"You have someone in your home the next four days to do whatever you need for you. They have to cook, clean, and wait on you." Uh-oh. This is bad. How can she do this to me? My mom just left and, OH MY GOD! My mother is trying to fix me up with Mulder even when I'm sick. Shit.

"Well I don't know, my mom would help, I'm sure, but she wouldn't be able to get here till later tomorrow afternoon."

"Scully,"

"I'm not going to ask you to do this for me Mulder," I had already been in my wheelchair and had all my medicine in my lap. When I said that, Mulder grabbed the back of the chair, leaned down and before taking off whispered into my ear, "I'm offering."

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I leaned down and before taking off whispered into her ear, "I'm offering."

With that I pushed her down the hall and out of the hospital, not able to refuse the feeling that something new and inexplicable was happening between us. I slipped one arm under her knees and before she could complain I lifted her into the car. I placed a kiss above her right temple and closed the door. I stepped into the car and drove toward her apartment.

"No, Mulder, your place." I didn't know what to think, but I slowly turned the car in the opposite direction of the turn signal and headed for home.

XxX

I know she doesn't mind the extra touches or kisses when she's sick, therefore I give them to her with every chance I have. She's settled into bed right now, my bed, I think she's asleep. I don't know if here, in my apartment, she would tell me if she wasn't.

"Mulder" Once again she proves me wrong. I'm sure there's a perfectly

logical, scientific reason for this, I'll ask her later.

"Yes dear?" I ask half- jokingly as I step into my room to see her twisted up in the sheets on my bed. I still don't know where the hell that thing came from.

"Come here," She sounds panicked and it's about to make me panic.

"What's wrong Scully?"

"Mulder Iâ€| I can't take it anymore, my hand has been playing with the soft hair around her face since I sat down and even though that doesn't seem like long, it was. So while playing with her hair I was watching her lips. Then I had to touch them.

We didn't start making out like teenagers, but I slipped my hand down instead and ran it across her lips. It calmed her frantic talking and I don't think I imagined the quick intake of breath that ran through her. I did plant one small, lingering, tender kiss where my fingers had been on her lips

"Mulder," Oh Shit. She didn't want that, at all.

"Sorry" I'm such a dipshit. She's sick, and I'm taking advantage of her.

"Don't lay a guilt trip on yourself, that was a good Mulder, a happy Mulder." She just smiled. I just KISSED her. And she SMILED. I can live with that. So I kiss her again. This time a little wetter, a little fuller.

****End****

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file.